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ECHOES

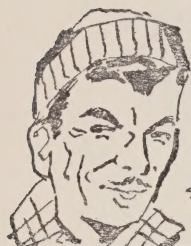


Apr-May

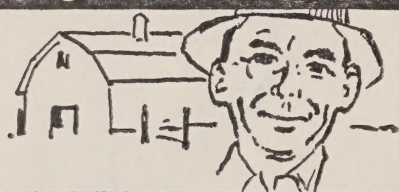
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No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

A. H. Campbell
Warden.

Editorial.

As the April-May edition of Mountain Echoes went to press another milestone in the progress of this magazine has been reached. The acquisition of a platen printing press, purchased entirely from the funds derived from the profits of this publication, has made this milestone possible. The change is a welcome one indeed, and though much equipment is still needed we hope that this will remedy itself as time moves along.

Since the inception of our magazine we have endeavoured to better the 'Echoe' and to maintain its readability by making it more useful and interesting to you, the reader.

Echoe readers have put prime importance on the goods we deliver in our pages, yet all of us like to see a product well packaged. We know that you are going to enjoy this edition, for, the complete format of the Echoe has been changed and re-packaged. We also know you will eagerly look forward to the ones that succeed this issue. Show it around! Let your friends see it! In fact, encourage them to buy it! For it is by your help in spreading the news of Mountain Echoes will we be able to improve and put into effect the many ideas we have planned for the months to come.

In ending my first editorial, I must thank all the departments and persons who have aided in the installation of our new quarters and who gave so completely of their time and efforts. Without them this printed issue would not have been possible.

Mountain Echoes

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The VICIOUS Cycle

by S. C. Smith.

A man was discharged from a penal institution after serving one of many sentences. A few hours later a young woman was indecently assaulted and immediately afterwards a seven year old girl was attacked and another assault took place. It has been stated by no less a figure than the prosecutor in court that had it not been for the timely arrival of the police, this child might have been murdered. The after effects of this sequence of events is staggering to say the least. The child no doubt will remember this all her life. Her parents will live in a continual dread of a re-occurrence. To top this off, all men being released from institutions such as this will be looked upon suspiciously. The public, will lose what little faith they may have built up in ex-convicts. Who is to blame? This moron who committed this type of offence before. By so doing, he had given warning of his line of thinking. Was anything done about it? The results speak for them selves.

Following the usual procedure, this man was tried, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years. During the trial, the prosecutor emphasized the fact that this might have been

murder if the police had not intervened. The man's record was of course read in court. I wonder if anyone enquired as to why people such as this could not be treated whilst serving previous sentences. The ugly truth of the matter is, that no one apparently is interested once the man is put behind bars. I say, without fear or rebuttal, if this man is not studied and helped, if it is possible to help him, then some twelve years from now another child or woman will be attacked and assaulted.

Many people will say, "You can't help these animals." This may be true. All criminals were once considered to be beyond human help and yet, over the past few years many ex-criminals have proven to the public that they can be helped. The sex offender is a criminal, a vicious type possibly, but a criminal nonetheless. Don't get the idea that the public were the only ones to be shocked by this crime. Many so-called DESPERATE men in here expressed disgust rather forcibly when informed about it. But just what is being done to treat these sex offenders? Practically nothing. Yes we have sport programs and canteens and newspapers, etc. By

now, no doubt the public have the idea that we are being molly-coddled (there's that word again) and now that we have been granted these concessions they seem to think that our troubles are over. As soon as a major crime is committed these days, the newspapers immediately play it up. The Public say to themselves: "There, I told you it's no use giving these privileges. As soon as they are released they commit another crime." I'll ask the public a question now: "Just what have canteens, newspapers or softball got to do with this form of disease we're suffering from?"

I can drink soft drinks until I'm blue in the face and it runs out of my ears and I can read opinions about criminals but what I don't read about is the many suggestions which might help set us on the right track.

My point is that we're walking in circles. we serve time, go out, give a repeat performance and wind-up in court all over again. The judge gazes at us indignantly and states that we have just been released and re-sentences us.

There must be an effort put forward BY US and by other people. This goes for sex criminals and other criminals. If anyone thinks we look forward to spending a life in jail they are badly mistaken. We have hopes and dreams like other people. These dreams take shape, not in an atmosphere saturated with ice-cream and soft drinks, but in a cell six feet by eight where we spend about fourteen hours every day, year in and year out,

surrounded by men who are also dreaming about a future built in the hope that the public will recognize the atonement for crime and try to give them a clean sheet when they have atoned.

The sex problem is a big problem. Why don't the proper authorities look further into it than the crime column of their newspaper? Let's admit the truth. Crime, poverty and other ills are more the result of a social set-up than anything else. I for one, want nothing more than a chance to throw off this yoke of time and live a normal life. It has taken me a long time to come to this decision. Some fellows grasp the idea much faster. But all of them face the cold, bare fact that they are oft times judged by the actions of some other lawbreaker who up to now has not decided that the odds are against him. In time they reach a saturation point as far as time is concerned. When this happens they begin to think. That's the time to grab them. The sex criminal and every other type of criminal is a problem that must be faced by the criminal himself and by other people whose job it is to do this. The problem can't be solved by a few bars of candy and a newspaper or two, or even a ballgame. Surely the authorities realize that in this institution alone they have three hundred odd problems which must be faced. Let's admit that psychiatrists and educators have a job ahead of them but what is more important, let them admit that fact also. Surely there would be some satisfaction for them

(Con't on page 18.)

Mrs. Harold's Parole.

by Lloyd Nicholas.
K. P. Tele-Scope

A penitentiary is a strange world where the incredible is common place, for it is a world of people--- people from every level of society. They come from the streets and farms, from hovel and mansion; no calling escapes representation here: no, not even the Law, nor the church.

At first glance you would not be likely to see anything beautiful here. You would, not expect beauty, and most of the time you would find none, but now and then there appears in our midst a priceless page of life's endless drama. We read, and we are humbled by the magnanimity of the human spirit.

A few days ago--- just before Christmas--- a woman called at the prison gates. It was the last time she would hear those massive portals clang shut, the last time, for her long vigil was over. Harold was free.

As this quiet couple passed through the gates, surely the birds sang more sweetly; surely the wind was gentle against their faces, and Christmas had a meaning.

No one can say what their thoughts were as they passed the visiting cage for the last time, but perhaps they thought of the time when . . .

She sat opposite him, talking to him

through the screen. Her eyes were clear, and she was young and beautiful, Harold was young too. He was tough, and as he looked at her he realized for the first time that it would be her who would feel the real pain of his fifteen-year sentence. Pain is easier to bear when you know that you have to bear it.

"I'll never give up, Harold: I'll wait for you." We know that she said that, because many times down through the years Harold repeated her words again and again.

Perhaps as they passed along the street together they remembered the long trail.

Somewhere, someone wasn't satisfied. The law had not been levied to the fullest extent. The law makes no provision for the tears of broken hearted women; she could do nothing: Harold was taken away for a new trial. When he came back he carried a life sentence.

Somehow, that first, bitterest of all years went by, with Harold reading in her letters, and in her eyes when she visited him, those same simple words of faith: I will wait.

After each visit during the first year the wiseacres would have their usual joke. Who but a damned fool would expect a woman that good-

looking to waste her life waiting for something that would never come? Anyday now.,," Even Harold would laugh sometimes, bitterly. He didn't really expect her to wait; all he could do was hope: and she was hope.

Two years....three....five...and still the letters came regularly, like the beating of a sound heart. She came to spend the allotted half hour per month with her husband without fail.

Time: a precious thirty-minute twinkling to spend with her, talking hurriedly through a screen, from cage to cage like monkeys. Time...when a half-hour was eternity....back and forth in a rathole of a cell until he would slump into a heap in his bunk, to sit staring at a spot on the cement floor tracing circles round it with his toe. Time!... when the old Mad Maestro of K.P. would rattle the windows and send his icy voice moaning o'er the rooftops, while the shadows danced like fiends of hell, and the groping fingers of dawn touched velvet gloves with the pummeling brass knuckles of the prison day. Time!.. when he hated the guts of near every thing on God's green Earth.

Eight years, and the time when Harold didn't hate any thing or any one, any more. It is difficult and miserable to hate when one's very existence is for love's sake. No one laughed at Harold any longer, and his wife became a legend, Her name

was spoken reverently around the prison shops: "She never misses a visit--- They don't make woman like that nowadays--- Yeah, she's one in a million, you bet!"

Ten years and she had moved to a town nearby and had taken a job there. Little streaks of silver shone in her hair now, but her eyes never lost their sparkle, and you could always tell when she had been here, for Harold reflected the light that she brought him.

Fifteen years. and she had worn a path to the prison, yet she showed no signs of defeat. Harold drew strength from her boundless courage everybody knew her story, and sometimes fellows would speak of her and shake their heads, as if they couldn't believe she was real. Her story began before some of us were born. and has been followed and wondered at, for we have not seen such a fighting heart as hers. We are men of many textures. colors and creeds, and we have seen the thing we men call courage. It is paled by this woman whom we call Mrs. Harold.

Twenty-one years and six months. and then it came! The news of Harold's parole spread throughout the prison, and if it's possible to weep without tears, surely many of us did that, we were happy to see Harold make it, but we all felt that it was Mrs. Harold's parole.

Mexican "ALCATRAZ"

via Time.

Sharks are guards and ocean waves the walls at Mexico's Islas Tres Marias prison camp, a trio of tiny sun-baked islands about 70 miles off Mexico's west coast. The 1,072 inmates sweat out their lives in dazzling salt pits, tend henequen fields and weave ropes. They live in straw-roofed huts, no plumbing; there are no cells, hence there are no iron bars but escape is next to impossible.

In cells at Mexico's Black Palace Prison, so-called cold-hearted inmates weep like little children at the prospect of banishment to the Three Marys.

By comparison, the famed Black Palace Prison is almost a purgatorial delight. It is operated "ala Mexicana," which means plenty of peppery food, little work, the tradition "conjugal visits" to private cells by prisoner's wives. But the the big Black Palace "official capacity 2000" is crammed with 4485 convicts, and approximately 40 new admittances arrive each day! Because of the crowded conditions, prison officials must hold a "cuerda a las islas" a round-up for the islands.

At noon day which particular noon no one is quite aware comes a special messenger from the bureau of Prisons with orders for a "cuerda" (round-up) of not less than 200 prisoners. The prison grapevine quickly spreads the dreaded word. In block C, for example, the Black palace's (allegedly) toughest cons beat out the prison's

nervousness in a clomping rhythm of heavy stones. Off duty guards are rushed back to double the vigil; some inmates have been known to head off exile to the Three Marys by knifing the first inmate whose LOOKS are not quite appealing, thereby turning themselves into murderers awaiting trial rather than be convicts eligible for the island exile.

Generally after five p.m. lock-up, the roundup begins. It is not uncommon for the most well-behave inmates to be dragged from their cells would they be unfortunate enough to be amongst those selected for banishment.

Many have been know to kneel tearfully in prayer begging their keepers to stay. Even woman prisoners have been heard to split the air with screams---punctuating in terror: "Virgin of Guadalupe, have mercy on me!"

But as night falls, the banished file resignedly out of the Black palace's back gate. Each receives 20 pesos (8 pesos equal one dollar American---approximately), three packages of cigarets and a pack of food, then climb into a guarded box car (no pullman) drawn up on a spur. At Manzanillo, 600 dark and bleak miles later, the "hopeless" convicts embark in a troop ship headed up the coast.

After that, for unending years (!) life for these unfortunates will only be the salt and henequen fields of the Three Marys... actually sentenced to living in a purgatory in a modern age.

NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS:-

As you may have already noticed, this issue of Mountain Echoes is published as the APRIL - MAY edition. The reasons for combining these two months into one, if you can call them as such, are; learning the mechanics of composing, printing, and numerous little chores necessary in publishing a magazine, That and delays causing us to lose our schedule have deemed this move necessary in order that you receive Mountain Echoes at the beginning of each month rather than at the end. This, we hope, will not be a re-occurrence.

To insure that you will still receive the same number of copies(12) if this move had not taken place, we have extended each subscription by one month.

NEW SPORT COMMITTEE IS ELECTED.

A new Sports Committee comprised of three members has been voted into office. After the votes had been counted it was officially announced that the winning candidates were: Eddie Haas, Harry Slavin and Elton McKay. They are the popular choice and the well wishes of their constituents go with them. So carry on fellows, fight the good fight and may you be able to keep everybody happy.

the ROUND MOUNTAIN

by S. Severson.

An Ontario man, on the strength of a confession made at time of arrest but later denied, was sentenced to be hanged. The decision was appealed to a higher court which ruled that a confession, even if denied later by accused, is sufficient evidence upon which to convict.

Some two years ago, when Toronto newspapers were head-lining a series of armed robberies and indulging in that too common fourth estate pastime of pre-judging those suspected of perpetrating crimes, Tony B. was sentenced to fifteen years on a charge of bank robbery. Normally, the passing of sentence ends the news value of criminal case, but in the instance of Tony there was an aftermath.

For more than a year Tony protested his innocence to no avail. Then, a young Kingston lawyer investigated the facts of conviction and became convinced the fifteen year sentence was a miscarriage of justice. He began to accumulate evidence to prove this contention and within a few months had obtained affidavits from the men who actually had robbed the bank. All flatly stated that Tony had not

participated in the crime. One affidavit in particular . . . that of Leonard Jackson . . . was made on the eve of his walk to the scaffold for the murder of a Toronto detective and should be classed as a death bed confession. Yet, in spite of these four statements, Tony still languishes behind the walls of Kingston Penitentiary.

When the documentary evidence was presented to the Justice Department with the request that a new trial be granted in the interests of justice, Toronto newspapers suggested a retrial probably would result. But after the elapse of some weeks, the Remission Branch . . . the arm of the penitentiary branch which seemingly handles all matters pertaining to everything but remission--- notified Tony's lawyer that they could see no reason for interfering with the decision of the court. They further stated that due consideration had been given secret evidence which could not be disclosed and intimated this evidence had influenced their decision.

The two above mentioned cases, while quite dissimilar, are closely associated with confessions. In the second, a convicted man was refused

a new trial in spite of the fact that four individuals confessed to perpetrating the offence for which he stood convicted and swore he had not participated. It would seem that a confession or affidavit, while deemed sufficient evidence upon which to base a charge of murder, is worthless when used in defense of an innocent man. If such be the case, then Canadian Justice has indeed reached a low ebb.

It may be argued that the so called "secret evidence" may have been of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of a new trial. But regardless of how strong the evidence SEEMS, it should not be considered unimpeachable until the accused has had the opportunity of answering to it. When he is given this chance --- which I believe is considered a right--- the so called "secret evidence" remains in the category of that familiar to the secret denunciations common to dictatorships. And in the case of bank robbery --- where a substantial reward is at stake --- there are unscrupulous persons only too anxious to in-

form against innocent or guilty alike.

In this country, an accused is presumed innocent by law until proven guilty beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt. And in cases where there exists a reasonable doubt as to innocence or guilt, the benefit of doubt must be given in favor of the accused.

The law leaves no room for doubt in the interpretation of the above. But it does not define reasonable doubt. This, is left to the discretion of those who administer the law. Being only human, they are prone to err.

In the case of Tony, there plainly is more than a reasonable doubt. He should, by law, be entitled to the benefit. And if the sworn evidence of four men is to be disregarded in his case, there are hundreds of men in penitentiary who are illegally imprisoned having been convicted on less evidence

Truly, the machinations of justice works in marvellously strange ways.

A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a 'newspaper dress' to a ball.
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

Why didn't people let her alone?

Hadn't she paid her debt to society in full?



J U L Y . . .

by Ora Mae Campbell.

Happy Harvester via Paahao Press.

The Fourth! It meant little to Jean Hudson. Her mind was on other things. The blare of bugles and the shrill laughter of children finally broke into her thoughts and she turned her pale face toward the crowded street. It was as well than no one recognized her for she was in no mood to talk. Dark glasses and a white kerchief did their bit to hide her hollow eyes and flaming red hair from the curious on-lookers. Hands in her pockets, she let her shoulders droop the way they wanted to... Why bother to straighten them? Her thin red lips straightened. Someone behind her was talking---so loud that she had to hear.

I thought this was the month for that Hudson woman to be released. Didn't the papers say---

Jean's color mounted. She moved on without giving them the pleasure of letting her hear the rest. They wanted her to listen. That enflamed her... Why didn't people let her alone? Hadn't she paid her debt to society in full? What else could she do? Just when she was breathing a sigh of relief that no one recognized her, she had to hear this! Out of their earshot she leaned

against a building and closed her eyes. Out of prison and without a friend in the world. She had sown: now she was reaping. There was no denying that. The Chaplain had given her a good talking to last week. He'd tried to prepare her for this.

If only one merciful tear would ease the burning in her eyes but there were no more tears. She knew that she had cried her last one in that dark cell. Why did she have to live to face this? It was right here in her home town that she had once gone to school. Here she had lived her childhood. Here she had married a prominent citizen . . . not a rich one, but a good fellow as the city counted goodness. Here her little Billy was born. There had been a few quiet years. Then it happened. It did not take long. At first an occasional social drink was sufficient, but soon it took more. In a little while she had to drink . . . or she thought she did. Nothing else mattered. Drink gave her a different outlook on life. It made her brave. Her husband tried in vain to reform her. A little was all right he thought, but too much was too much. When

she refused to be reformed, he promptly divorced her. Jean sighed heavily. If that could have been the end... but it wasn't.

Billy was just a little fellow when she deserted him completely. It was not clear in her mind even yet as to what really happened. He must have cried when she came in drunk... at any rate, she struck him, and hard.

There was a while when the doctors thought he would die, but finally he recovered. His optic nerve had been impaired. All this Jean had learned later. All she remembered of the incident was the loud sound of crying and the banging of a door. But more happened. Her car had struck and killed a pedestrian and on top of other charges she was tried and convicted of manslaughter.

All this would have sobered an ordinary person, but not Jean. Maybe she did not have a heart --- sometimes she wondered. Especially at certain times during her sojourn at the State prison. There were things to make the hardest one weep, but not her --- that is, until one day when her heart somehow softened. It was the newspaper clipping that made the difference. Her husband had re-married. Billy had been sent to an institution for the blind. Jean had sat in her cell and cried. She suddenly saw herself as she was --- a woman with a stone heart. A little life plunged into darkness --- and all because of her. Billy blind! That blow had been responsible for his blindness. In one way

that was a merciful blow, Billy would never be able to see the hands that blinded him. He would never be able to look into her face and curse her. Jean shuddered as another remark caught her ear. Someone behind was talking, "Surely she won't have the brass to come back here to live after she gets out." Again she cringed and shut her eyes.

There was no use shielding herself. She deserved every bit of criticism she was getting. She had no right to expect anything else. Had she paid her debt in full? Would she ever be able to pay for the wreckage she had made of her life and the life of those she had once loved best. The Chaplain had told her to pray, but to Jean that seemed the most impossible thing yet. Why should she expect the Lord to forgive her? Did even divine forgiveness run that deep? The crowd was pushing her along now---the parade was moving up the street. Bugles blew low and steady and the flag was waving in the afternoon wind. Freedom! Jean drew in her breath. How could she ever be free again. Shackles of fear and dread clutched at her heart-strings. For her there was no freedom ever.

A crippled beggar hobbled along beside her with a box of razor blades and pencil crying his wares. She dug into her measly coins and dropped one into his box. Sympathy was seeping into her soul. She watched him hobble on --- then she dug her hands deeper into her pockets and sighed.

(con't on page 16)

CANADA'S

National

SPORT

by A. Seguin

As the dreadful 30th. of April, deadline for filing Income Tax Returns, approaches, Canadian citizens are caught between two difficulties by having two alternatives presented to them--- to file an honest return and pay the due taxes or a not quite so honest return and trust to luck, There is of course, another way, much simpler, and that is to forget about the 30th. of April and completely ignore the Income Tax Act.

Strange as it may seem, many choose not to file and stranger yet is the fact that many years go by before the long arm of the Law reaches them. It is, however a known fact that the Taxation Division are constantly on the alert and, amazingly, very few Citizens succeed in evading taxation for any length of time. There will always be a few whose names will never appear on the Taxation roll but their contribution to the national coffers, if they did file, could easily be compared to a drop of water in the Pacific Ocean.

In order to provide the services that the Citizens expect and demand, the State must levy taxes. This the State does in different ways, direct- and indirect taxation - taxes on wealth and consumption and taxes on income.

Indirect taxes are levied on commodities and are paid by citizens from all walks of life, no distinction exists between the poor and the rich. The purchase of almost any commodity is subject to Sales or Excise Tax and the average purchaser foots the bill generally unaware of the amount of taxes he has paid. The possibilities of evasion are practically non-existent and irrespective of the objections raised, these taxes are highly productive and definitely a more permanent and a surer source of revenue.

Income Tax, on the other hand, is a fairer tax in that it is levied against the income of every individual and corporation. the possibilities of evasion, however, are tremendously high. A taxpayer may either file a return declaring all sources of income from which he may deduct exemptions as provided by the Income Tax Act, or he may choose to declare his most apparent source of income, ignoring the other sources, and deduct unjustified exemptions. If engaged in a business, he may enclose with his return a true statement of Profit and Loss and a Balance Sheet reflecting his exact financial standing, or he may choose to file false statements thereby reducing his tax liabilities,

It is common knowledge that tax evasion, or minimization, has become Canada's National Sport; hockey and baseball will never bring the pleasure and satisfaction that tax evasion will bring to a taxpayer who wishes to take an active part in this long established sport. It must be kept in mind that these sportsmen are only following the line of least resistance, their conscience is perfectly at ease---perhaps they are allergic to income tax payments---until such a time when the income tax assessor decides to ask personal questions and insists on definite answers. Then crumbles the castle and the bank accounts--- even that bank account in a distant city.

This article is not written with the idea of censoring the tax evader for whom I have deepest sympathies. It is, however, a reminder to the would be evaders that the Taxation Division has been in the tax collecting business since the year 1917, and during these thirty-six years of existence, the officials have seen, heard and learned a lot. Smart taxpayers have tried in a thousand and one different ways but, unfortunately, were caught.

Lately a member of the Canadian Senate stated that if every taxpayer would pay his due taxes, the rates would be reduced considerably. Truer words were never spoken.



Prison is like war or death - - it must be experienced to be known.

“Was your girl pleased with the bathing suit you gave her ? ”

“Yeah. You should have seen her beam when she put it on. ”

(JULY continued)

How the years had made a difference. This old fellow was not always crippled. Time was when he was young and straight. She remembered that time, That mark on his forehead had identified him. He'd been the bootlegger who had sold her that first drink. There was a time when she had thought of hunting him and killing him when she was released, but now today she had been close to him -- so close she could reach out and touch him -- but she had no hatred for him now. Forgiveness.. That was it. The chaplain had said one should not expect to be forgiven who would not forgive. The Bible had said that one must forgive. Jean was glad to be in a crowd; She was glad no one was watching her now. Her lips were moving. Though she made no audible sound she was talking to God. The chaplain had said God would listen.

The parade was moving along fast now, but she had lost out. All sounds were running together and she heard none in particular. She had won a victory. She had forgiven. Could she expect the people in this town to forgive her? wasn't that too much! If only one or two would let the past be past, she could live. If only someone would give her a chance to prove that the future might be different. She kept on praying. The paraders were only a red, white and blue blur now. There was a pause. Now the speakers were ascending their improvised platform for their holiday speeches. She wiped her dark glasses and listened to strange people talk about liberty and freedom. An

old man in khaki was followed by a bright-eyed lad whose voice was full of enthusiasm. Jean's mind returned to Bill whose life was dark and sad. There had to be a way to atone. Surely there was something she could do. She would go to the institution and offer to work for nothing just to be near him. She would not let him know who she was. It would be better that way, Then he would not be called upon to do such an impossible thing as forgive. He'd know her only as a kind woman and as a mother.

The last speech was ended. Jean found herself thronged in beside the speakers. They were cheered by the mob which had closed in to shake their hands. Without realizing it, she stretched out her hand to the young fellow whose speech had touched off something inside her heart. He did not move nor offer to respond. "These folks can't see," whispered someone behind her, "they're from the state blind school." Jean's heart thumped as she inspected the clear-looking glass eyes again. She did not dare say anything, her lips were trembling. Someone behind her was talking now, "Aren't you Billy Hudson?"

The blind boy nodded. The curious one shot a glance from Jean back to the boy and queried, "What would you do if you found your mother?" Jean's heart raced as she watched the sad face form a slight smile. "I'd forgive her," he said. Forgetting everything else Jean threw her arms around the blind boy and began to sob. It did not matter that the crowd was gazing in bewilderment. She had been forgiven.

LOVE

The night was long and dreary,
The prison cell was dim.
And thoughts of home and mother
Kept crowding in on him.

He thought of all the times,
She had held him to her breast,
And of the many childish fears,
Dispelled by her caress.

He thought of all the heartbreak,
He'd brought to her door,
The many broken promises,
Till he could think no more.

And yet the blessed slumber,
Could not dispell his fears
For through the dark oblivion,
He dreamt he glimpsed her tears.

He was just another careless boy,
Wandered from the way,
And now his mother waits at home
And to the Lord does pray.

She prays that soon her darling son,
May sit along her side.
And God above can surely not,
See this love denied.

A. F. Thompson

(A Vicious Cycle con't)

to meet head on and defeat these problems. It is true that failures are to be expected, but, once these failures have been definitely established remove them by curing them or at least remove their influence.

Let us sum it all up. You keep re-sentencing the sex-criminal, the thug, the drug addict. You'll keep re-sentencing these fellows just so long as you fail to recognize the facts. Let them play ball; let them have their canteens and newspapers; LET THEM ENGAGE IN GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT while they are serving their sentences. But while this is going on, study these men, don't baby them, also don't bully them. Separate the wheat from the chaff. Just don't be satisfied that the count is correct at lock-up time, this is important I'll grant you, but salvaging a human life is much more important. If they express a willingness to learn a trade, encourage them, don't

brush them off with a story that they know as well as you do it is baloney. If they prove that consideration means nothing to them or if they influence other possible prospects with their twisted ideas, then remove that influence. I see it every day. There's a job to be done by the inmate himself and also by the authorities. Above all, don't let one or two persons who feel that there is absolutely no good in any inmate influence the program that may be the means of re-establishment for said inmate.

Unless these steps are taken, and I say this in all seriousness, "Some twelve years and some months hence or maybe sooner as the case may be, another child may be attacked, another bank may be robbed, many more ounces of heroin will be sold," We don't want pity nor molly-coddling, as it is called, but we try to help ourselves. If we don't try to help ourselves, then, other steps must be taken.

Two girls met for lunch and were discussing their marriage prospects. "I hear your boy friend graduates from law school next month? I guess you'll get married then?

"Oh, no, not right away," answered the other. "I want him to practice about a year first."

NO SUCH THING AS HABITUAL CRIMINAL.

(PP) A prisoner of the Washnsngton State penitentiary at Walla Walla, serving a life term for being a habitual criminal, has been ordered re-sentenced by the Washington State Supreme Court.

"There is no such thing as an Habitual criminal," said the court and ruled that the man must be sentenced for his original crime forgery.

Officials pointed out that this ruling would no doubt have far reaching effect in other states who have on their statutes this unfair and inequitable "law".

Students of states jurisprudence also added that this is not the first time that such a law has been in effect, called "unconstitutional."

Hill Top News

In a nation wide contest sponsored by the Toronto Star Weekly newspaper, two of our hobby workers, Harry Slavin and Billy Dacko tied for the fourth place award. We are proud of both of them for they put a lot of hard work into the completion of their entries. The prize winning pieces are on exhibit in the Robert Simpson's Department Store in Toronto and are being offered for sale to the public. Harry Slavin's entry was a scene done in petit point entitled "Ducks in Flight". Billy Dacko needled his way into the winners circle with a copy of Gainsborough's famous Blue Boy, also done in petit point. A significant fact is that these were the only entries submitted from this institution. Nice going boys.

God Save The Queen



The boys in New Zealand
Australia and Wales
Are proud of the Queen
As they spring from the jails.

The cause for their joy
Is the Amnesty time
God Save The Queen
They sing and they rhyme,

Our beautiful Queen
In June will be crowned
We'll be singing and laughing
And dancing around.

We are proud of our Queen
She did generously give:
And Her Consort, good Philip,
Long may he live.

Proud of our birth
In the land of the free,
Proud of our Queen
To grant Amnesty.

Though we labor in jail
As we're breaking the stone
We'd like to set sail
To see our Queen throned.

God Save the Queen,
We sing and we rhyme,
God Save The Queen
And our Amnesty time.

TINY BITS

by Rover

"We're champs of the west!" exclaimed Jack Tim.. after he and Verne Edmonds paired up and sailed through the bridge tournament with ease. And agree with his statement we must, for they did just that. Jack is quite proud of this achievement, so proud, that he strolls about the library with his stomach stuck out a few more inches.

Now for the joke of the month.

It seems that a doctor diagnosed for a patient with a sore foot, two aspirins.

"Take these two aspirins and you will feel better in the morning," said the doctor.

"What am I suppose to do with these, doc?" asked the bewildered patient. "Place these aspirins between my toes?"

Stuart has finally made a baseball team. First base at that. But how someone so chubby and yet so agile can play such a position in the manner in which he does, is beyond us. Nevertheless, it's a sight for sore eyes.

The moment Jack Stephens drove up in the sheriff's car, John Heaps pulled the tractor out of storage.

See you next month.

George Powers made quite a statement the other day. He claims that he might, just might, be going out this year. But this, he maintains depends entirely upon the Queen if she decides to grant any Animosity. Could be he means Amnesty.

Mr. "Fix-it" Fat Mike made a resolution to quit repairing lighters. This he says is so that he can take up petit point as a hobby and in order to become nimbly adept, his hands must be soft. But this resolution went down the drain as he was caught in the act of fixing a lighter while taking a shower.

Ruck claims that after the physical craving of drugs is subdued all that's left to eliminate is the mental quirk. Steve Bolonchuck advocates Drug Addicts Anonymous and would like to start this group if anyone is interested.

GET OFF THE DIAMOND!
hollers Jo-Jo when someone walks across it. Not only does he give out with a verbal blast, he also makes with the evil eye.

Sherbuck came up with another proverb and with all the dramatics he stated quite forcibly: What can a kernel of corn expect from a jury of chickens.

It's Worthwhile to INVESTIGATE

by S. Bolonchuck.

Being a joe of average intelligence who has had the misfortune of being addicted to drugs and alcohol, I feel that from past experiences I can say something on these two subjects which plague so many of my fellow inmates. Many of us incarcerated behind prison walls who have become slaves to either drugs or alcohol (I believe that they are a disease and not a habit) have a difficult problem which can be solved if we hope to take our rightful place in society.

The alcoholic with a problem, in prison or "outside", can if he desires, receive help from Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization which uses group therapy and a philosophy which has been a foundation to thousands in their recovery from alcohol. These "A.A." groups can be found in cities and prisons throughout Canada.

But what about the drug addict?

Articles in our penal press show addicts who advocate government supervision and distribution of drugs to all known users, a system which would curb the drug peddlars and eliminate the necessity of the user resorting to criminal activities in order to supply himself with narcotics. This system may have its merits but by no means is it a cure.

The drug addict or alcoholic after his introduction to either addiction, becomes emotionally upset to the extent whereby his mental outlook on life associates narcotics and alcohol with

happiness.

Happiness constitutes peace of mind and in order to off-set his addiction and bring serenity to his life the drug addict must have a substitute. To find such a substitution is not easy, especially since the opposition and competition the ex-convict will meet up against on the outside would exercise his ability and will-power to the utmost. But I can say that it is a worthwhile endeavour because the game is life.

If one has decided to go to the right, then every effort should be made, not just a half-hearted attempt, but a sincere one and when you can honestly say to yourself that you have made every possible effort, without being successful, then maybe the clinic is your solution.

I am of the opinion that many can be salvaged by a group formed and based on the principles used in Alcoholics Anonymous. The drug addict who sees clinics as a solution to his problem is taking an apathetic interest in himself and attempting to escape from reality as the going is to tough.

I am no psychiatrist or doctor and have no hopes of setting the literary world on fire as a writer, however, I do hope that this article may show someone that there is a way to happiness if he is willing to put up a hard but worthwhile fight to achieve it.

Things I'd Like To See

That Beacon writer get wise to himself and think up his own Head.

Those self-appointed authorities on the Amnesty Question begin to realize that their opinions as printed in the Financial Post only indicates their lack of knowledge on the Reform question and their lack of interest in men who may be trying to get back on the right track.

Maurice Smith go back to his own time on the Radio, 6.45 P.M. I'm having difficulty picking winners now that I can't listen to him pick the losers.

Leo Popowich cover as much territory on the softball diamond as he did on the hockey rink.

Audry's Mom.

McIvor get his name in the Echoes.

That certain Winnipeg Morality Inspector start working on his frustration complex if he thinks he can outwit Dick Tracy.

Somebody tell Jimmy Boyd a story.

A good third baseman so Ruckie can get off my shoulder and let me dry my shirt.

Eddie Haas, Elton McKay and Harry Slavin get a little less criticism and a little more constructive help.

Some of the judges consider the outcome of their actions in sentencing these fourteen year olds to the pen. It just amounts to a course in crime.

The Prisoner's Welfare quit printing their efforts in local newspapers. Results speak for themselves.

Mr. Alex Turk receive the full support he deserves in his election campaign, also, that it could be possible for the men here to cast a ballot for him. Any person as interested in the under-dog as Mr. Turk is, must be a solid citizen.

Ex-Editor and ex-inmate, Bill Lake do as good a job on his rehabilitation as he did on his preparation for same.

Blue Line Banter

by N. Hanlon.

The last edition of the Echoe went to press too early to include the results of the hockey playoffs in that issue. The complete results of the finals and semi-finals are in this month's publication,

A LEAGUE

Semi-finals.

Series 1. Bombers v s Monarchs.
Two games total goals to count.

1st. game: Bombers 7; Monarchs 5.
2nd. game: Bombers 6; Monarchs 1.
Bombers win semi-finals: 13 to 6.

Series 2. Wings v s Hawks.

1st. game: Wings 3; Hawks 2.
2nd. game: Wings 4; Hawks 0.
Wings win semi-finals: 7 to 2.

FINALS

WINGS vs HAWKS

Two games total goals to count.

1st. game: Bombers 4; Wings 3.
2nd game: Bombers 1; Wings 0.
Bombers win Finals: 5 to 3.

LEADING POINT GETTERS.

Player	Team	G	A	TP
Bird	Bombers	6	4	10
Karchesky	Bombers	5	3	8
Pilon	Wings	3	3	6
Stubbs	Monarchs	4	1	5
Benning	Bombers	2	2	4

The finals were hotly contested and the Bombers had to go all out to defeat the Wings. Both of their wins were by one goal margins, Bird, of the Bombers, was the shining light for the winners notching the winning tally in the dying minutes of the last game as the Bombers were hard pressed by the Wings. Steve Bolonchuk, stood out in the nets for the Bombers and saved the day with many sparkling saves. Pilon, Ruck, Flett, Creed and Roy Kowalchuk were the losers main cogs. Big Willie Benning and Thomas played well throughout the two games, All in all the winners were deserving of their victory as they defeated a very powerful team in the Wings,

B LEAGUE

Semi-finals

Series 1. Rockets vs Tigers.
Two games total goals to count.

1st Game: Rockets 2, Tigers 0.
2nd game: Rockets win semi-final 5 to 1

Series 2. Royals vs Beavers.

1st game: Royals 1 Beavers 1
2nd game: Royals 4; Beavers 0
Royals win semi-finals 5 to 1

FINALS

ROYALS vs ROCKETS

1 st. game: Rockets 4; Royals 2.

2 nd. game: Rockets 2; Royals 3.

Rockets win Finals 6 to 5.

In the year's biggest upset the Royals made their way into the finals by knocking off the glamour team of the B League, the Beavers. The Beavers went through the season undefeated and were odds on favourites to win the entire series. The Royals just missed going all the way as the Rockets managed to eke out a one goal victory in the final two games.

Stars for the Rockets in the finals were: Fritzzy, Sherbuck, Stackhouse, Enns and Bevan. In the losing cause, Giba, Perrault, Cox and Brown

played well.

Hockey has had its day and now the fellows are preparing for the coming baseball season. For their efforts in making the winter sport season a success we are indebted to the following people: Eddie Haas, the Commissioner, who has had his trials and tribulations in seeing that the schedule and playoffs went as smoothly as possible; Blackie, equipment room man, who did a good job at a tough task and Len. Bernhardt who gave of his time to assist Blackie; the scorekeepers: Matthews, Raccio and Sweeney, who were out at every game in fair weather or foul: the officials, both inmates and staff, who refereed the games. Also all the fellows who helped Ruckie and his partner Oakie to keep the ice cleaned in the intervals between periods and games.

With the ball season about to commence, a poem entitled BATTER UP was written and we thought it was appropriate at this time

BATTER UP

The, Pitcher makes his wind-up,
The Catcher winks his eye.
The Batter swings his bat,
The Ball begins to fly.
The Fielder runs to make the catch,
But fumbles on the play.
The Throw to first is not in time,
The Runner's there to stay.
The Next man up is counted out,
The Ump has had his say
Another Batter, another pitch,
A Bunt is on the way.
The Shortstop dashes to the fore,
And scores a double-play.
The Team's now make a turn-about,
So Each can have their say.
The Crowd can rant and holler,
It makes a Pleasant Day.

A. Ritchie.

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.
MANITOBA DIVISION.
BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE.
RED CROSS CENTRE, 226 OSBORNE ST. NORTH.

WINNIPEG, CANADA,
April 9th, 1953.

Warden A. H. Campbell:
Manitoba Penitentiary,
Stony Mountain, Man.

Dear Mr. Campbell:

Once again I am happy to write and express to you and all of the staff and inmates, our most sincere thanks for the splendid co-operation and assistance that we received from everyone on our fourth visit to your institution on Wednesday, April 8th.

We registered a total of 187 donors during the afternoon. All of the girls on the team asked me to express their thanks for all the assistance given them by the staff and inmates in the running of the clinic.

It would be appreciated if you could see that our thanks was extended to all the donors who attended our clinic for without their support the Red Cross free blood transfusion service could not function.

Again our sincere thanks for your valued assistance and trust we can look forward to your continued co-operation.

Yours very truly,
D.W. STEWART,
DONOR PANEL DIRECTOR.

Letter To The Editor.

To The Editor,

Have just finished reading the latest issue of Mountain Echoes and found it very good but for one article. You had the gall to print an article, "Citizens' Forum", by Mr. Belloff, which completely contradicts itself in its proposed aim, and is written by one who has attended only one Citizens' Forum meeting.

He says the speaker presented the facts very well, but failed to state how it affected us as an individual. He forgot to mention that before the speaker delivered these facts as supplied by C.F., he STATED that he KNEW NOTHING about the COLOMBO PLAN, having never heard of it, and therefore was passing on information as provided by C.F. I know this, for I was the speaker.

He goes on further to state that the program should be made more appealing. Perhaps if he were to attend more than one meeting, and participate actively, rather than criticize from the sidelines, these ends could be achieved. He forgets to state the load of carrying on, and planning, is borne by only a few, and that these few are trying to present a picture of outside conditions, local, national and international as they exist. Not only that, but we are also striving to inform THE PUBLIC on some of our problems and what is going on in our country's administration,

Perhaps the attendance is ridicul-

ously low, but what can we expect when such an article as this appears for the local population to read, for it destroys any incentive that those who are trying to build it into something. And so. Mr. Editor, please pass this message on to Mr. Belloff.

The Citizens' Forum of this institution request that if he has any suggestions or complaints, to attend our Forum sessions regularly, and participate actively, rather than listen passively. Only through a combined effort and participation can anything in this institution grow, and benefit us, so we must all co-operate, not destroy.

Red Beach.

The above letter was received within 24 hours of the appearing of the last issue of this magazine. We appreciate any constructive criticism and so do all those who contribute to it. However, in the above case no constructive criticism is apparent and it seems that the writer of the letter did not take time to read the article properly. Rein Belloff attended the meeting and wrote his impression of it. In his opinion he thereby helped Citizens' Forum by drawing the attention of our readers to it. It was certainly not the intention to ridicule his effort or to obstruct the progress of a worthwhile idea.

Ed.

Penal Echo-ettes

by S. C. Smith.

BEACON, Dorchester, N.B. You are coming along nicely. Don't worry too much, pink cake is popular all over. Might suggest that "Things I'd Like To See" is an Echoe Feature and we believe in the theory of To Each His Own. Another suggestion for what it's worth. Why not use a little more color. It's effect is noticeable.

TRANSITION. Westminister, B.C. I look forward to your covers each month. Congrats to your cover men. McGadger says that if Schlosser isn't any better as a judge of fights than he is as a barber, things are in bad shape. He showed me the scars. Your "Incorrigible Infants" by Alex Yonge caught the eye and our sentiments exactly.

PATHFINDER, Prince Albert, Sask. we like the progress of your publication. It has gone ahead by leaps and bounds over the last few months. "By Request" really hits the nail on the head. Congrats to the writer. Congrats also to Vince on his performance in the nets for your All Stars.

DIAMOND, Collins Bay, Ont. Just a word in praise of your Editor Emeritus, Billy De Coste. They don't come often and when they leave they are missed by all. Our very best wishes to Billy. That goes from Hank Ceretti, who knew him when the Bitters was a shilling a pint.

LONDON PRISON FARMER. Say Duke! Can you use your influence and try to let someone know that we are eager for exchanges? Namely, The Atlantian and the San Quentin News.

THE EAGLE, Alderson, W. V. Come on gals. we don't have one female exchange coming in. We hear good reports about your publication but never get to read it ourselves. Believe us we want to read it... Can do?

TELE-SCOPE. Kingston, Ont. Johnny Brown came through again. Nice going, John Got a kick out of "Hollywood Plots" by Stewy Anderson. Hanlon and Severson claim that Stewy should be quite an authority on Hollywood, being quite an actor... Better get that armband off Haggerty. The Animosity in June might overlook you. How's chances to borrow him to heckle the Giant opposition this summer.

Warden's Files.